LABOR'S TWO QUEER FIGHTS

GLASSWORKERS OPPOSE MACHINES, ALSO AGAINST HIGH WAGES.

Flint Glassworkers' Union Tells H. Sellers McKee He Must Abandon Labor-Saving Machines—His Answer a Defensive Stockade—High Wages Cause a Strike at Ithaca.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 26.—The American Flint Glassworkers' Union, heretofore considered one of the most conservative of all unions, has the fight of its life on its hands. It is trying to stay the progress of labor-saving machinery, and in doing so has offended a manufacturer by whom union men used to swear. The union has spent, in its five years' fight with the United Glass Company, $1,500,000, and is entering upon another costly war.

H. Sellers McKee has a flint glass factory at Jeannette, twenty miles from here, and employs about 800 men, of whom 600 are members of the union. He has felt the competition of the United States Glass Company and the Rochester Tumbler Company, both non-union concerns.

The companies have for some time been operating machinery that quadruples the ordinary output of a "shop," a shop being two glassworkers with the necessary number of boys to wait on them. It would have been ruinous to any union manufacturer to continue business on the old plan in the face of such competition, so Mr. McKee put machines into his own factory. He saves $2 a shop by doing so. The work of finishing that one man did for $2.80 a day is, with the aid of these machines, done by two boys at 40 cents a day each.

Three days ago Mr. McKee was ordered by the union to take the machines out. To the surprise of the union he refused to obey the order, and was then informed that a strike would be the result. His answer was in the shape of a plank fence twelve feet high, which he is now building around his factory. It is similar to the famous stockade at the Carnegie works at Homestead, built at the time of the riot there a few years ago.

McKee and the union are still conducting negotiations, but the former has announced that his machines shall stay and that it is too late in the nineteenth century for any body of men to prevent the use of labor-saving devices.

PECULIAR STRIKE IN ITHACA.

Glassworkers Go Out Because the Company Pays More Than the Scale Calls For.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 26.—The duties of the members of the State Board of Arbitration are supposed to be directed toward settling differences between employers and employees, yet Commissioner Webster is in Ithaca to-day on the novel mission of trying to bring together two warring factions of employees, who are capable of earning from $100 to $150 per month, but who have been for the past month locked out, at a loss of about $20,000, all because they cannot agree among themselves. The trouble is between employees of the Washington Glass Company of this city. The men are all members of L. A. 300, K. of L. On Sept. 15 the glass factory was opened for operation, the men working under a scale of wages made by the union and known as the Burns scale. The glass trade is divided into what is known as the four trades—the blowers, gatherers, cutters, and flatteners. The former two work together, as do the latter two, and neither can get along without the other.

The Burns scale of wages gave the blowers and gatherers a 28 per cent. increase over last year's wages and the two other trades a small corresponding increase. The cutters and flatteners went to the officers of the company and demanded an increase, which the company willingly agreed to, and the manufacture of glass continued until the blowers and gatherers found out that the other two trades were getting more pay than the Burns scale called for. Then there was trouble. Despite the fact that they were getting all the wages they asked for, by order of President Burns of L. A. 300, the blowers and gatherers refusedt o work with the cutters and flatteners unless the latter trades would work under the Burns scale. This the cutters refused to do, arguing that the money did not come from the complainants' pockets, but from the company's, and that the company was perfectly able to pay the increase.

The result was a strike on the part of the blowers and gatherers on Sept. 24, and the works were shut down. Although all the men belonged to the same union they could not agree. The blowers and gatherers finally sent out of town for other cutters and flatteners. A few came, but the more skilled ones refused to work when they learned the situation. Several unskilled ones did go to work. The plant was run about one week, when the company shut the works down on account of the poor quality of glass made, owing to the unskilled cutters furnished by L. A. 300. Then followed some law, suits, which are yet unfinished. The factory has been shut down since October, and the company is unable to fulfill its contracts for glass. The men are out practically two months' wages. There are about 100 men employed at the works when running on full time.

To-day Arbitration Commissioner Webster, Secretary of L. A. 300, K. of L. of Pittsburg, the officers of the company and representatives of all four trades were in conference. After a prolonged discussion, during which the officers of the company offered to pay almost any wages asked by the men in order to get the works going that they might fulfill their glass contracts, the blowers and gatherers, being in a conciliatory mood, offered to pay all the legal expenses that had been incurred and to overlook their grievances against the cutters and flatteners, if they would go to work under the Burns scale, as they had first agreed to. For a time it looked as though the difficulty was about to be settled, when suddenly the representatives of the cutters and flatteners claimed the right to the wages the company saw fit to pay them. They were fighting for a principle and they would continue to fight. Thereupon the conference was suddenly terminated without settling the trouble. It has now been decided to endeavor to start up the works on Monday with some cutters and flatteners to be secured from New Jersey.

FEAR A LOCKOUT NOW.

Cloakmakers Alarmed Lest the Employers May Adopt Retaliatory Measures.

The cloakmakers, whose agreement with the contractors expired on Thanksgiving Day, are now at the mercy of the contractors and manufacturers, as the slack season has set in. There was trouble in the shops of Contractors Scharp in Delancey street and of Contractor Rosenberg in Ludlow street yesterday, but a compromise was reached, as the union fears a lockout in reprisal for the way the contractors and manufacturers were worried by strikes in the busy season.

Walking Delegate Grossman went to Freedman Brothers' establishment, at Broadway and Prince street, to confer about a grievance yesterday morning, but came back looking crestfallen. He reported that Mr. Freedman was very angry and threatened a general shut-down. Other delegates reported that many manufacturers were of the same way of thinking, and there was a general feeling that it would not take much to provoke a general lockout of the 13,000 organized cloakmakers in the Greater New York. Secretary Marcus O. Braff of the United Brotherhood of Cloakmakers said yesterday that strikes would be avoided if possible. There is no agreement with the contractors now and, therefore, no scale of union prices. Shop meetings will be held soon to arrange for a new schedule of prices.

TO SHORTEN THE WORK DAY.

A Report That the Book and Job Printers Contemplate Such a Move.

The book and job branch of Typographical Union No. 6 is said to be considering the reduction of the work day from ten to nine hours, the present rate of wages—$3 a day—to remain. If the final action on this question is favorable the demand will be made on Jan. 1, 1898. Theodore L. DeVinne, President of the Typothetæ, said yesterday:

"I feel that the employers would resist any demand of this character; but, of course, I cannot say positively that such would be the case, as this report is entirely new to me, and I have consulted no one about it. Such a demand if complied with would cause considerable loss to contracting printers, because production would be decreased 10 per cent."

Another Split in the Board of Walking Delegates Probable.

It was said yesterday that a split is likely to occur in the Board of Walking Delegates as a result of the formation of the Building Trades Council, which takes in some of the largest of the building trades. About two years ago there was a split in the board, the seceders forming a second board. The unions in the two boards struck against each other until it dawned upon them that they were waging a needless war of self-destruction. Then the two boards amalgamated again.

Congress of the Knights of Labor.

ALBANY, Nov. 26.—The congress of the Knights of Labor of the State will be held in Pythian Hall, in this city, on Tuesday, Jan. 11. President Henry A. Hicks of New York has issued a call to the officers and members of all the district and local assemblies of the organization for the election of delegates and alternates.

"COUNT" LIVINGSTON IN BELLEVUE.

Accidentally Left the Gas Turned on After a Thanksgiving Celebration.

"Count" Channing M. Livingston was taken to Bellevue Hospital yesterday morning suffering from accidental asphyxiation by illuminating gas. He says he is entitled to recognition in "the 400" as one of the few remaining descendants of the old Scotch family of Livingstons which, in this country, has centred about the Livingston Manor near Rhinebeck, on the Hudson River. His father was the late Charles Moulton Livingston of Brooklyn. "Count," Mr. Livingston says, is a nickname by which he has been known longer than he can remember. He is about 40 years old, and was formerly Assistant Treasurer of the Tourist Company on Broadway, but since an illness several years ago he has lived on an inherited income.

For three years he has lodged with Mrs. Hampf, at 107 East Fifteenth street, where he has lived very quietly, calling attention to himself only by his occasional reference to his claims to social superiority over most of the other lodgers in the house. The "Count's" celebration of Thanksgiving Day was ended late on Thursday night. He came in quietly and went to bed without completely undressing. He now thinks that in turning off his gas light he unwittingly turned on the gas stove cock, which is just at the side of the one controlling the light. The landlady missed her boarder and smelled gas in the house almost simultaneously, and found Mr. Livingston unconscious on his bed. She called in a policeman, who summoned an ambulance. Dr. Stone restored the man to consciousness after fifteen minutes' work, and took him to the hospital to complete his recovery, not only from the gas, but also from the celebration of the day before.

OTHER THANKSGIVING DAY ASPHYXIATIONS.

William Cafferty, a stone mason, slept on a lounge in his sister's home at 402 West Fifty-eighth street on Thanksgiving night beside a gas stove and struck out at it in his sleep, disconnecting the tubing. He was unconscious when found by his sister in the morning. She had him taken to Bellevue Hospital.

There also the police brought John Smith, a servant in the employ of Mrs. Todd, who keeps a boarding house for medical students at 78 Lexington avenue. He was overcome by escaping gas in her rooms after coming home very late on Thanksgiving Day.

COULDN'T STOP THE FUNERAL.

Coroner Dobbs Will Have the Body of Mrs. Gross Brought Back.

Mrs. Eva Gross, aged 24 years, died at 403 East Eighty-second street on Thursday. Dr. G. V. Fichlowitz of 1708 Lexington avenue issued a death certificate, stating the cause of death to be exhaustion caused by consumption. At noon yesterday the certificate reached the Coroners' office, and Coroner Dobbs recollected that he had taken an ante-mortem statement from the woman on Nov. 9, in which she said that Dr. Taschner of 1187 Lexington avenue had performed two operations on her in July last, since which time she had failed rapidly of symptoms that pointed to consumption.

Coroner Dobbs telegraphed to the police of the East Eighty-eighth street station to prevent the interment of the body. When the police reached the house they learned that the funeral cortège had already left. They were told that the body was to be taken to Bayside, L. I., by way of the Twenty-third street ferry. They watched there all day, but did not succeed in heading off the funeral. Late in the afternoon word was received at the Coroners' office that the body had reached the cemetery and had been placed in the vault there.

Coroner Dobbs conferred with the Brooklyn authorities and the body will be brought back to-day and placed in the Morgue until an autopsy can be held.

There is likely to be trouble between the Coroners' office and the ferry company over the conveyance of the body. Coroner Dobbs's secretary, John J. Kelly, says that the ferry people violated the laws of the Board of Health in allowing the funeral to pass from one county to another without a transit permit. Coroner Dobbs intends to make a thorough investigation of the case, and will summon the ferrymaster and the undertaker before him when the inquest is held.

TROLLEY MANAGER IN COURT.

An Assault Case Growing Out of the Water Supply Row in Long Island City.

General Manager Beetem of the New York and Queens County Railroad Company, was arrigned before Police Justice Duffy in Long Island City, yesterday, charged with felonious assault and with interfering with a public officer in the discharge of his duty. William E. Stewart, counsel for Mr. Beetem, moved to dismiss both charges. Mr. Beetem was charged with having prevented Engineer Thomas Lang and a gang of men employed by the Long Island City Water Department from digging a trench under the trolley tracks in front of the power house until he was assured that the men did not intend to tear up the tracks. It was alleged that he drew a revolver and said he would shoot the first man who injured the company's property. The city Water Department had shut off the supply from the power house on the ground that the company had failed to pay its water bill, and Mr. Beetem was bringing water in tank cars from Newtown.

Justice Duffy dismissed the charge of felonious assault, and reserved decision on the other motion. Lawyer Stewart contends that Engineer Lang is not a public official within the meaning of the section of the law on which the complaint is based.

SHOT BY HUNTERS.

They Reported That Young McConnell Opened Fire on Them Without Provocation.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 26.—Some hunters coming down Lake Tallon, Ontario, near Mattawa, were startled by the report of a rifle, and looking back saw a man paddling swiftly after them. It proved to be the son of old Bob McConnell of Nosbousing. Thinking McConnell had fired to attract their attention the hunters turned to meet him, when he again fired at them. They started for shore, and McConnell fired a third shot, which struck the water a few feet short of them, the bullet skipping directly over their heads. They made for a point of land nearest, and McConnell went for a large rock which jutted out into the lake about 100 yards from the point for which they were making. McConnell stopped paddling and raised his rifle to fire, when one of the hunting party took aim at him and fired. McConnell was seen to fall, but the hunters were afraid to approach for fear that he might be able to shoot again, and they accordingly came down to Mattawa and surrendered to the authorities. McConnell's body was afterward found lying in about two feet of water, the bullet of the hunter's rifle having gone completely through him.

KITCHING PLEADS GUILTY.

The Young Broker Admits That He Caused a Worthless Check to Be Passed.

Frederick McHenry Kitching pleaded guilty in the County Court in Brooklyn yesterday to an indictment charging him with grand larceny in the second degree. He is 26 years old, and lived with his wife at 482 Lexington avenue. He was arrested last summer on a charge of obtaining a bond of $1,000 from Andrew L. Taylor, a broker, which he failed to return. He was indicted and admitted to bail in the sum of $2,000. Mrs. Hattie A. L. Collins furnished bonds for him. The specific charge to which he pleaded guilty yesterday is that of passing a worthless check for $30 on John Bauman on Oct. 16 last. Kitching induced Irving E. Smith, 19 years old, a clerk in a broker's office in this city, to get the check cashed. The check was drawn on the firm of Bruce & Kitching, and made payable to Smith. Kitching will be sentenced on Monday.

GOOD-BY TO OLD LANDMARKS.

Williamsburg Fire Tower to Be Sold at Auction—Flatbush Fire Bell in a Church.

The old fire tower and bell in North First street, Williamsburg, are to be sold at auction on Tuesday next by order of Comptroller Palmer. The tower is a lofty wooden structure. The Exempt Firemen's Association proposes to buy the bell.

The fire bell in the old Flatbush Town Hall has been sold to the Catholic Church of the Holy Cross. Father John T. Woods will have it placed in the church tower.

Longshoremen at Work Again as Usual Yesterday.

There was no trouble yesterday among the longshoremen over their refusal to work on Thanksgiving Day for less than time-and-a-half rates. The stevedores appear not to have taken any notice of the notification sent out on Monday, and most of the longshoremen, although they agreed to take it for granted that if they received no reply there would be no work for them, reported for work as usual on Thanksgiving Day. The stevedores who had perishable goods to handle conceded the demand after some parleying; the others refused it and their men went back home. They returned yesterday and went to work as usual at the regular rates.

MR. SULLIVAN'S SHIRT STUD

HOW CAME LOCOMOTIVE NO. 70 BY IT, HE'D LIKE TO KNOW.

Having Found It in 70's Possession, After a Thanksgiving of Applejack, He Eloped with That Engine, and Now Languishes in Jail, the Victim of a Composite Persecution.

FREEHOLD, N. J., Nov. 26.—It has long been the boast of Mr. John Sullivan of Bradevelt that he owned the largest shirt stud of the sparkling variety to be found in this part of New Jersey. As to the material of which the stud was made opinions differed. Mr. Sullivan himself maintained with unswerving positiveness that it was a diamond. In view of the fact that it was considerably larger than the Kohinoor, the general impression prevailed among the owner's friends that he was laboring under a delusion, and that the sparkler was in reality either of quartz or of the more humble material which forms the staple commodity in windows. On Thanksgiving Day Mr. Sullivan lost his sparkler, acquiring as an offset a jag which was considerable of a sparkler itself.

This jag Mr. Sullivan collected in Wickatunk, a town famed for its applejack. Common rumor has it that whosoever drinks three glasses of Wickatunk applejack straightway becomes possessor of the earth and the fulness thereof. Mr. Sullivan had several glasses and departed from Wickatunk, vaunting himself as a lord of creation, with an appetite for trouble. A friend bound for Freehold in a wagon assured him that there was trouble to burn in that town, and, accepting the offer of a lift, he slept all the way over, waking up with a feeling of general benevolence instead of the hankering for conflict with which he had started out. In Freehold he had several more drinks, which so affected his sense of proportion that he fled in terror from a stationary push cart, under the impression that it was an express train in pursuit of himself, and was subsequently discovered painfully toiling up the steps of the railway station, stopping at every step to inform the bald eagles which were fighting for bread crumbs on the ground below that all he had read of the difficulties of the Chilkoot Pass was as nothing compared with this, the reality.

A good Samaritan brought him back from Alaska to a drug store, where a draught, alleged to have sobering properties, was administered. Fortified with this, Mr. Sullivan went forth, and, after dodging a grove of preternaturally agile trees, found himself upon the Jersey Central railroad track facing engine No. 70, which had been left to the care of itself for a few minutes while the engineer and firemen dissipated on mince pie in a neighboring lunch room. Two small boys who were playing beside the track noted Mr. Sullivan's condition and suggested that he get off the track, as the locomotive might start at any moment. But Mr. Sullivan had other views. He had noted in the forefront of the engine a great, brilliant, sparkling adornment which he immediately recognized and with great jorousness.

"D'you see that?" he inquired of the boys, pointing at it. "That's mine."

"Gee!" said the bigger of the boys to the smaller. "He says he owns the engine. Say, what d'ye think o' that?"

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Sullivan, pointing a somewhat uncertain finger at the boys.

"Jimmy Yates, if yer pointin' that at me," replied the larger boy.

"And yours, my son?" indicating the other urchin.

"Johnny Semple."

"Now, Jimmy and Johnny, if you'll climb up there and get me my diamond stud, which I observe shining there, I'll give you a dollar each."

The two boys stared at Mr. Sullivan and then at each other. The engine snorted gently.

"I'd do it myself," continued Mr. Sullivan, "but I've already climbed several mountains this morning and I'm tired."

"Say," said Johnny Semple in awed tones, "Does he want us to snake the headlight out of a engine?"

"What d'you think we are!" demanded Jimmy Yates with some indignation. "That don't come out. That goes with the engine."

Mr. Sullivan wiped away several tears. "To think," he mourned, "that I should live to find my diamond stud in the bosom of a lomocomocolo-moloco——"

"Ingine," suggested Jimmy. "If yer goin' to take it at all ye'll have to take the bull thing."

"Thank you, my son," responded Mr. Sullivan. "I will."

Without further ado he walked down the track and achieved the difficult ascent into the cab with surprising activity under the circumstances. Terrified at seeing their advice thus taken, the two boys rushed down to the station, a few rods away, and burst in, shouting breathlessly:

"Look-a-there! The ingine! He's got it—a drunken feller. He says it's a di'mond, an' he's runnin' away with it. Wanted to give us a dollar to get it for him. Hurry up, or he'll run away with it."

There was little need of this admonition. Before the boys had finished a disordered company of train hands, baggagemen, and station employees were streaming up the track after engine No. 70, which was moving with rapidly accelerated speed down the track and puffing energetically.

"Come back!" "Stop her!" "Turn off the steam!" "Shut her off!" yelled the pursuers.

Out from the cab looked Mr. Sullivan and waved a graceful hand in benign farewell. He was enjoying his ride, and the possibility of consequences troubled his serene mind not the least bit in the world. Now there are two things which might have happened; one, the thing that didn't happen, and the other the thing that did. Had the switch been turned a certain way the big locomotive would have shot out upon the main track and collided with the passenger train, due here at 3 o'clock. But it was turned the other way, and the disaster that ensued involved only Engine 70 and its inexperienced master, for it ran on the open switch, gently left the track, slid over the low embankment, and came to a standstill, pouting and snorting, deep in the mud of a ditch. Mr. Sullivan rolled out somehow or other and lay quiet, with his eyes closed to the troubles of this adventurous world. The railroad employees, running up, expressed several unpious hopes that he was dead and—worse. But he wasn't. Opening his eyes, he looked up into the faces bending over him.

"I always said it was a diamond," he said; "and now its gone and exploded!" and after a few sobs he slumbered.

They took him away and delivered him over to the tender mercies of the jailer. In Freehold jail this evening Mr. Sullivan sits and explains to a world from which he is shut off that he is the misunderstood victim of a combined diamond robbery and explosion, having been arrested because his shirt stud ran off the track and deposited him in the hands of a gang of freebooters, who have incarcerated him in a dungeon and who are holding him for a ransom. The ransom will probably be about $10. Meantime the railroad company is digging engine 70 out of the mud.

BURGLARY INSURANCE NO GO.

The Business Doesn't Pay—Chicago Thieves Lead the Profession.

The New England Burglary Insurance Company of Boston has decided to give up business. It has found that it doesn't pay. The company was organized about two years ago, and its first reverse came from the prevalence of crime in Chicago, where it suffered heavy losses. These losses caused the company to give up business in the West last May, and it has now decided to give up altogether. All its policies have been reinsured in the Fidelity and Casualty Company of this city.

The Fidelity and Casualty is now practically the only company in the burglary insurance business. All the burglary risks of the United States Casualty Company, of which former Superintendent of Police Byrnes was general manager, were reinsured with it in June.

W. P. Learned, Superintendent of the burglary department of the Fidelity and Casualty, said yesterday that so far his company had not been able to make burglary insurance pay. Of all the cities in the country, according to Mr. Learned, Chicago, in the matter of burglaries, is by far the worst. This city, however, Mr. Learned said, was making a bad record in the matter of store burglaries, and several recent local losses of the company occurred practically under the nose of the police.

WHOSE SILVERWARE IS THIS?

Three Men Arrested with a Bundle of Things Marked "E. I. F."

Three young men acting in a suspicious manner in Walker street attracted the attention of Policeman O'Connell of the Elizabeth street station yesterday afternoon. The sight of a bundle partly concealed under the coat of one of them convinced the policeman that something was wrong, and calling Policeman Schultz to his aid he arrested the three men. At the station the prisoners said they were John Hennessy, 22 years old, of 7 Vandam street; Thomas Murphy, 22 years old, of the Bowery, and James Phelan, 22 years old, of 235 Mulberry street.

The bundle was found to contain silverware, all in good condition, and most of it almost brand new. The pieces were all heavy and finely wrought. Some of them were engraved with the initial letter "F." On others the monogram "E. I. F." appeared.

The men were taken to the Centre Street Court, and as they refused to tell where they got the silverware, they were remanded to the station for further examination to-day.

Three B. and O. Coaches Ditched.

OSGOOD, Ind., Nov. 26.—The St. Louis mail train on the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern was ditched at Pierceville at 11 o'clock to-day. Three coaches were overturned, with thirteen passengers. Several persons were hurt slightly.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION DINE.

Dr. Van de Water Gets Them to Cheer Queen Victoria—Mayor Strong Talks.

The banquet of the New York Society of the Sons of the Revolution in commemoration of the 114th anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British, held last night at Delmonico's new building, was attended by 225 members. Each was decorated with the handsome gold medal of the society. The banquet hall was decked with the society flags commemorating the battles of Bunker Hill and Harlem Heights, Lafayette's Fleur de Lis banner and a large copy of the society seal. Frederick S. Tallmadge, the President of the society, presided. Around him were grouped Mayor Strong, Comptroller Fitch, ex-Postmaster Dayton, Prof. William M. Sloane of Columbia University, ex-Mayor Smith Ely, the Rev. Dr. George R. Van De Water, ex-Senator Warner Miller, Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, Prof. Johnson, and Cyrus Clark.

President Tallmadge congratulated the society upon having issued, triumphantly and unimpaired, from the double festival of Thanksgiving and Evacuation Day. He introduced Mayor Strong, to whom the company gave three cheers when he said he was proud to be the last Mayor of the historic city. They gave him three more cheers when in the course of his remarks about what his administration had done for this town he invited the Sons of the Revolution to accompany him to Blackwell's Island, which he said was a great place since it was reformed.

Comptroller Fitch was cheered, too, and spoke of the illustrious friends of America in the Revolutionary days. The diners sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Bowery," and the Rev. Dr. Van De Water got them to cheer Queen Victoria. The clergyman lauded England, and closed with an appeal for peace with Great Britain.

"Do all you can as Sons of the Revolution," he exclaimed, "to avoid another row with our own blood and lineage."

Prof. Sloane spoke on "History," and he was cheered when he said: "If it is true that the rich have grown richer in this country, it is also true that the poor have grown richer with them. The increase of capital has increased the comforts and enjoyments of the artisan, and it will continue to do so as capital is still more abundantly invested."

Ex-Postmaster Dayton and the Rev. Samuel D. McConnell were among the other speakers. Everybody carried home the souvenir boxes for the ices. They were square boxes wrapped with miniature American flags, surmounted by two crossed sabres and a burnished American eagle with outstretched wings.

MARCHED HIS PRISONER AROUND.

Scoble Arrested Murphy, and, After an Hour's Patrolling, Found a Complainant.

Policeman Scoble, after making James Murphy patrol his beat with him for over an hour early yesterday morning, found a complainant against him. The policeman had been standing at Sullivan and Third streets when a seedy-looking individual passed him on a staggering run. The policeman called to him to stop, but the man only hit up his gait, forcing Scoble to run. The chase continued for six blocks, when the fleeing man was overhauled.

"Say, what have you been up to?" inquired the policeman when he saw that the man's right eye was badly discolored and his clothes were torn.

"Oh—er—nothin'" was the reply. "Just had a little scrap up the street. You ought to see the other fellow, though."

The remark was unfortunate for the man, who said he was James Murphy, 23 years old, of 33 West Forty-first street, for Scoble arrested him on suspicion that the trouble might have been serious. Murphy's story grew more tangled as they walked back, and for over an hour Scoble paraded around looking for the other party to the trouble. He went to all the different houses that Murphy had spoken of, but after arousing several persons he could not locate the scene of the difficulty. He kept Murphy by him, however, and suddenly from around a corner came Gustav Johnsen of 52 Market street. Spying Murphy, he yelled:

"Arrest that man, officer! He's robbed me of my watch and chain. Arrest him."

Scoble assured the man that Murphy was already under arrest, and Johnsen told how he had been attacked on Bleecker street, beaten, and robbed. The watch was found in Murphy's pocket. An ambulance was called and Johnsen was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where his hand, which had been badly bitten, was dressed, and he went home.

Murphy was locked up for the night and arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court yesterday. He waived examination on a charge of robbery and was held for trial.

GIRL THIEF CAUGHT BY THE LEGS.

She Was Just Disappearing Through the Scuttle to the Roof When She Was Nabbed.

Mamie Sweeney, 14 years old, was arrested last evening in the tenement house at 449 West Fifty-second street, where her grandfather lives, for stealing some jewelry from another tenant. A few days ago she went to visit her grandfather, Patrick Sweeney, who lives on the first floor. On the floor above live Mrs. Filomena Lackas and her family. When Mamie Sweeney discovered that Mrs. Lackas had jewelry she set about getting it for herself. Her opportunity came on Thursday afternoon, when there was a parade of Thanksgiving masqueraders in Fifty-second street. The Lackas family left its home in a body and went to the sidewalk to look at the paraders.

Mamie ran up to their rooms and let herself in with a pass key. As she did so another tenant saw her. She found the jewelry and took a $15 watch, two breastpins, two rings, and $100. Then she closed the door and ran away from the house. Mamie did not return that night. She got back early last evening, and Mrs. Lackas saw her. Some one told Mamie that the police were after her, and she hid in a closet. Mrs. Lackas sent for the police and watched the closet. Soon the door was opened softly, and Mamie slipped out. She started upstairs, and Mrs. Lackas started after her.

Mamie reached the top floor and ran up the steps leading to the scuttle, threw back the hatch, and had nearly gained the roof when Mrs. Lackas got within reach of her and caught her by the leg. Mrs. Lackas led the girl downstairs and held her until Detective Callahan arrived. He arrested the girl. In the closet where she hid was found her pocketbook, with the stolen rings in it. She was sent to the Gerry society rooms. She did not tell where she spent Thursday night or what she did with the jewelry that was not found in her pocketbook.

SHAKEN BY NITRO-GLYCERINE.

Damage Done at Chesterfield, Ind.—The Jar Felt Fifteen Miles Away.

CHESTERFIELD, Ind., Nov. 26.—Chesterfield was badly shaken early this morning by the explosion of eighty quarts of nitro-glycerine which had been placed in an open field a half mile from the town. Marion Mansey and Sam Maguire were working at a gas well near by when the explosion occurred. Mansey was thrown fifty feet and Maguire was thrown high into the air. Both were badly hurt.

James Gold's house, 300 rods distant, was torn into pieces. A three-ton engine near by was completely wrecked. The little town of Chesterfield is a mass of ruins. Every house was moved from its foundations, windows were shattered, and doors smashed in; every light was put out and the plastering was shaken from the walls. Several people were shaken out of bed.

At Dalesville, two miles distant, there was much damage done, and the jar was felt fifteen miles away in all directions.

The gas in the well was blown out, and a workman named Cooper lit it and caused another explosion in which he was fatally burned.

CAVALRY TROOPER GETS DRUNK.

Boyer's Leave Expired Yesterday. So His Fine Was Remitted and He Was Discharged.

John Boyer, a trooper of the detachment of the Fourth Cavalry stationed at West Point, was arraigned in Yorkville Court yesterday for intoxication. He had been arrested on Third avenue, near Thirty-first street, on Thursday night. Magistrate Deuel fined him $5, which he could not pay, so he was sent downstairs for five days.

Boyer said he had come to the city on a thirty-six hours' leave of absence and would doubtless be court-martialled for desertion when he returned to the post. As his leave expired at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Later in the day the Magistrate was informed of the soldier's predicament and had him brought back into court, remitted his fine, and discharged him.

Sale of the Marshall Homestead.

Solomon Rothfeld of Rothfeld, Stern & Co., importers, has purchased the Robert Marshall homestead on the west side of Columbus avenue, between 103d and 104th streets. The property was placed in the market about ten days ago. Mrs. Ann S. Marshall, the late owner, died last June, and the executors of the estate decided to sell the homestead.

The house is a two-story colonial dwelling, which has long been a landmark in the upper part of the city. The grounds extend the entire block on Columbus avenue, and more than 100 feet on 103d and 104th streets. Mr. Rothfeld refused to state yesterday the price paid for the property, or what use he will make of it.

BOUGHT GOLD DUST CHEAP.

BERNSTEIN OF CLEVELAND BUNCOED OUT OF $12,000 HERE.

Found That His Cheap Gold Was Brass When He Came to Test It—Taken in by a Tale of Siberian Gold Mines—Arrest of a Townsman of His—Warrants for Three New Yorkers.

Private Detective Seligsohn of Cleveland, O., arrived here yesterday with warrants for the arrest of two men alleged to have swindled Marx Bernstein, a wealthy wholesale liquor dealer of Cleveland, out of $12,000 with a new gold-dust game. Sam Jacobs, a Cleveland saloon keeper, is under arrest in that city charged with being the go-between for the swindlers. The two men wanted are said to be J. Babin and J. Burns, also known as Old Sol and Hirsch. Detective Seligsohn called on Capt. McClusky at Police Headquarters and explained his mission, but as Capt. McClusky had no official notification from the Chief of Police in Cleveland, he said he could do nothing. He said he knew nothing about the alleged swindle, which is supposed to have taken place in a room hired by Bernstein in the Broadway Central Hotel. Seligsohn thinks he has located his men in this city, and he started for Albany yesterday to get extradition papers.

Bernstein, with the four men who he says swindled him, registered at the Broadway Central on Nov. 16. The alleged swindlers registered as S. Jacobs, S. Cohn, J. Babin, and J. Burns. They occupied a suite of rooms and were around the hotel for two days. All were registered from Cleveland. Bernstein's story is that Jacobs, who is a customer of his in Cleveland, introduced the three men to him. Jacobs said the men were miners who had just got back from the gold mines of eastern Siberia. They told wonderful tales about the riches of the mines, and said that although they had been up there only a short time, they had accumulated enough gold to come to America and live for a while. They said they intended to start in business here, but found that it would take them several years to acquaint themselves with the language and customs of the country before they could hope to be successful. They were Hebrews, and pretended to be able to speak only Russian and Turkish. Jacobs acted as interpreter. Bernstein says he became interested in their stories, especially when they said they were willing to sell what gold dust they had on hand at a bargain, so as to get enough money to get back to the mines.

Bernstein was told that they had the gold dust in New York. He is a sharp business man himself, and with his brother runs a Jewish theatre in the Sixteenth ward in Cleveland. His brother is something of a political boss there, controlling the Jewish vote in eight wards. At one time he is a Democrat and at another a Republican. Last election he straddled and four of the wards controlled by him went Republican and the other four gave the Democrats a majority.

Marx Bernstein decided to negotiate with the alleged Siberian miners for the purchase of their gold dust. Accordingly he and Jacobs came east with them. They stopped off at Buffalo for a time and then came to this city and put up at the Broadway Central. The three alleged miners were registered by Bernstein as they said they could not write. Then they went out and brought back a sample of their alleged gold dust. Bernstein took the sample to a jeweller's and had it assayed. The jeweller said it was very fine gold dust and worth $18.25 an ounce. The men said they had sixty-seven pounds of the dust, and although this was worth nearly $15,000, they were willing to let Bernstein have it for $12,000. He thought it was just picking up $3,000 and the bargain was closed.

The alleged miners took him to a house somewhere in Houston street and there they found a shabby-looking Hebrew with long, black hair. He had the alleged gold dust in his care. Bernstein suggested that it be taken to his room in the hotel, and the "miners" packed up their bags of dust and Bernstein hired a safe and weighed out the dust. The alleged gold dust was the same as the sample that had been shown him and for answer they opened the bags and showed him the yellow metal dust which looked just like the sample. He then weighed it and found that there was just sixty-seven pounds of it. He packed it in his valise and paid over the $12,000, after which the three alleged miners disappeared. Bernstein returned home to Cleveland with Jacobs, who was to receive a commission from him.

When they reached Cleveland Bernstein took the alleged gold dust to an assayer's and left it to be melted into bars. In a few days he was called in by the assayer and told that he had been buncoed—"gold dusted," as it were; and that when gold dust is cheap it isn't gold dust. He then went to a police court and swore out warrants for two of the three men he had been dealing with. Detective Seligsohn is expected back from Albany to-day.

Despatches from Cleveland say the "dust" Bernstein bought was made of brass filings and yellow sand—a combination the light weight of which should have betrayed it to any one who had ever handled an ounce of gold dust.

TWO MILLS HOTEL ARRESTS.

Joseph Ward Created a Disturbance and Edward Dwyer Was Drunk—Both Fined.

Not a single arrest had been made at the Mills Hotel No. 1 on Bleecker street up to Thanksgiving Day. This is all the more remarkable as it is in a district which has been the scene of many disturbances. The record was broken on Thursday by the arrest of Joseph Ward and Edward Dwyer, guests of the hotel. Ward tried to make trouble with Manager Day by declaring that he had paid a week's room rent, $1.40, in advance, and that a receipt for but 40 cents had been given him. He raised such a disturbance that he was arrested by Policeman Sullivan of the Mercer street station.

An hour later Sullivan arrested Dwyer at the hotel because he was intoxicated in the office and refused to leave. The men were fined $5 each in the Jefferson Market Court yesterday.

Japanese Christian Celebration in Brooklyn.

The fourth anniversary of the Japanese Christian Institute will be celebrated in the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Hanson place and South Portland avenue, Brooklyn, next Wednesday evening. The Japanese Consul, S. Uchida, has promised to be present and deliver an address. The Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon will preside. Addresses will also be delivered by K. Okajima, J. H. Tsutsumi, F. Tashiro, K. Chiba, J. Kurishima, and Y. Hirose. There will also be native Japanese songs. The general public is invited.

A Lamp Exploded in His Hands.

BINGHAMTON, Nov. 26.—A. C. Robinson, a prominent business man, was fatally burned at Athens, Pa., on Wednesday morning. He was stopping at the Forrest House and was awakened early in the morning by the sputtering of a lamp which he had kept burning on the table. He sprang out of bed and attempted to throw the lamp out of the window, but it exploded in his hands, throwing the burning oil over his night clothes. He was terribly burned from his knees to his neck. He died on Wednesday afternoon at the Sayre Hospital. He was a director in the Waverly, Sayre and Athens Traction Company.

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Broadway, Cor. 31st St.

FOR POLICE COMMISSIONER.

Plenty of Republican Candidates for Van Wyck to Pick Two Of.

Ex-Senator Frederick S. Gibbs has been mentioned, under the breath, as the Republican candidate for Police Commissioner from this county. Mr. Gibbs told his friends yesterday that there wasn't an office on earth that he wanted. He's lucky.

Excise Commissioner George Hilliard, with his accustomed modesty, is a candidate for Police Commissioner, but older and wiser Republicans suggested to Mr. Hilliard yesterday that "he shouldn't be a candidate for everything in sight," and maybe Mr. Hilliard will let go.

Thomas L. Hamilton is one of the hundred or more candidates for Police Commissioner, and ex-Senator Gibbs is behind Mr. Hamilton whooping it up for him.

The Republicans, it was made known last night, will not select their candidates for Police Commissioner, one from New York and one from Brooklyn, for a month, and all candidates will be merely "guesses" in the meantime.

The law of the State requires that the New York Police Board shall be bi-partisan, two Republicans and two Democrats, and yet Mayor-elect Van Wyck has the